The Local Noodle

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To Dismay of All, MIIS Campus in Monterey is Untouched by California Wildfires

Students at the Grille cheer on the California wildfires at the SGA's "Burning and Buffalo Chicken Egg Rolls" event.

In January of this year, multiple fires ravaged areas of Southern California totaling over 57,000 acres of burned land and over 200,000 evacuations. Unfortunately, Noodle correspondents report that the Middlebury Institute of International Studies at Monterey (MIIS) was not included in the destruction. Originally a haven for graduate students who kind of dislike nuclear wars and undergraduate students too lazy to actually study abroad, MIIS has gained an infamous reputation in the Middlebury community.

"Why should we still be supporting those nonviolent losers? What if I want a kaboom? Pow pow - the bang boom? Pew pew?" asked Middlebury student Viola Ince at a wildfire watch party at the Grille titled "Burning and Buffalo Chicken Egg Rolls." The J-term event attracted significant attention as crowds of students spewed shreds of chicken and excitedly yelled, "Keep going! Keep going!" Some students from MIIS were expected to hold their own event in support of the fires; however, they got caught up in a popcorn discussion on ways to stop terrorism.

The College expressed profound disappointment at the lack of damage to MIIS. "We were really hoping the fiery blaze would crawl its way up the coast and swallow Monterey—the MIIS campus, I mean. God, if that wouldn't have been a tasty little insurance firehose," said Uhn Helpfyl, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. "Now that would've been a way to suture a cash hemorrhaging artery. But alas, Mother Gaea didn't will it, so it's obvious that I must continue to disregard the will of the faculty and student body. This, of course, will continue to be masked as an appeal to their best interest, for I decree that Middlebury shall grow larger and larger each time I talk of it at dinner parties, and hollower and hollower for those people actually providing and receiving an education."

The few naive administrators still supporting the institution claimed its survival is a win for global nonproliferation efforts. After learning MIIS was not destroyed in the fires, spokespeople for Russia, Iran, and China's nuclear development programs responded, "Oh no…?"

Zoo Review: Mill Human Zoo

In the wake of campus-wide backlash over what some have called 'autoerotic' and 'orally-centered' recruiting practices, the Mill has decided to take a 'paws off' approach with this year's Feb recruitment class.

"We got together as, like, a board, and, like, really fucked with ideas," said Venison Jerky, senior Millonite and, according the Mill's Presence credentials, the house's 'Scent Collector.' "One juicy little thought that percolated and dripped back onto us was of an exhibit—we call it," and here, Jerky used his hands, "the Human Zoo." When asked to elaborate, Jerky just said that "people are animals, too."

Mickey McDuff, a Baby Feb, commented on the scene. "We kind of just watched them all walk around and scratch at each other and touch themselves, and when you would try to get their attention, they would sort of just growl at you or mumble something about ecoterrorism."

When asked if it smelled like a zoo, McDuff said it did.

Other Febs, however, remember timider moments in the night, like the booger and zit mirror organic demonstration, candid displays of proto-male feminism, and the hairy alpha who, like Azalea, the chain-smoking chimpanzee resident of Pyongyang Central Zoo, rolled, lit, and smoked her own cloves quietly on a corner stool.

"The real seller for me was the end of the evening," said Nag Champa, Baby Feb by day, newest maMillian by night. "One of the 'animals' crawled up to me—this was for the petting zoo—and ate some impossible kibble right out of my hand. Then I looked down at the small of its back, and noticed a QR code tattooed right above the left cheek. I popped out my Motorola for a quick scan, and the link took me to a wellness check-in on Google Forms. I knew then that I had found my wolfpack."

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Language Tables

Thick Thighs, White Lines, Can't Lose: Men's Rugby Levels Up

Middlebury Men's Rugby is currently under fire after videos surfaced of members snorting lines of Adderall on Laurie Patton's newly installed peace table. Never one to shy away from scandal, the Local Noodle's Chief Investigator, Power Bahttum, jumped on the story faster than orientation leaders drop crotch on baby febs. Bahttum spoke with all eighteen of the team's social chairs, asking each of them the same pressing questions. Here are some interview highlights:

BAHTTUM: Is the rugby team aware that they're not actually ingesting cocaine?

IDON GIVVA '25: Well, when we first started we had no idea. But then we learned our guy was just crushing up his ADHD meds, and we decided to roll with it. It's like if cocaine was chill.

BAHTTUM: What is the peace table, and why did you choose to use it as a drug vessel?

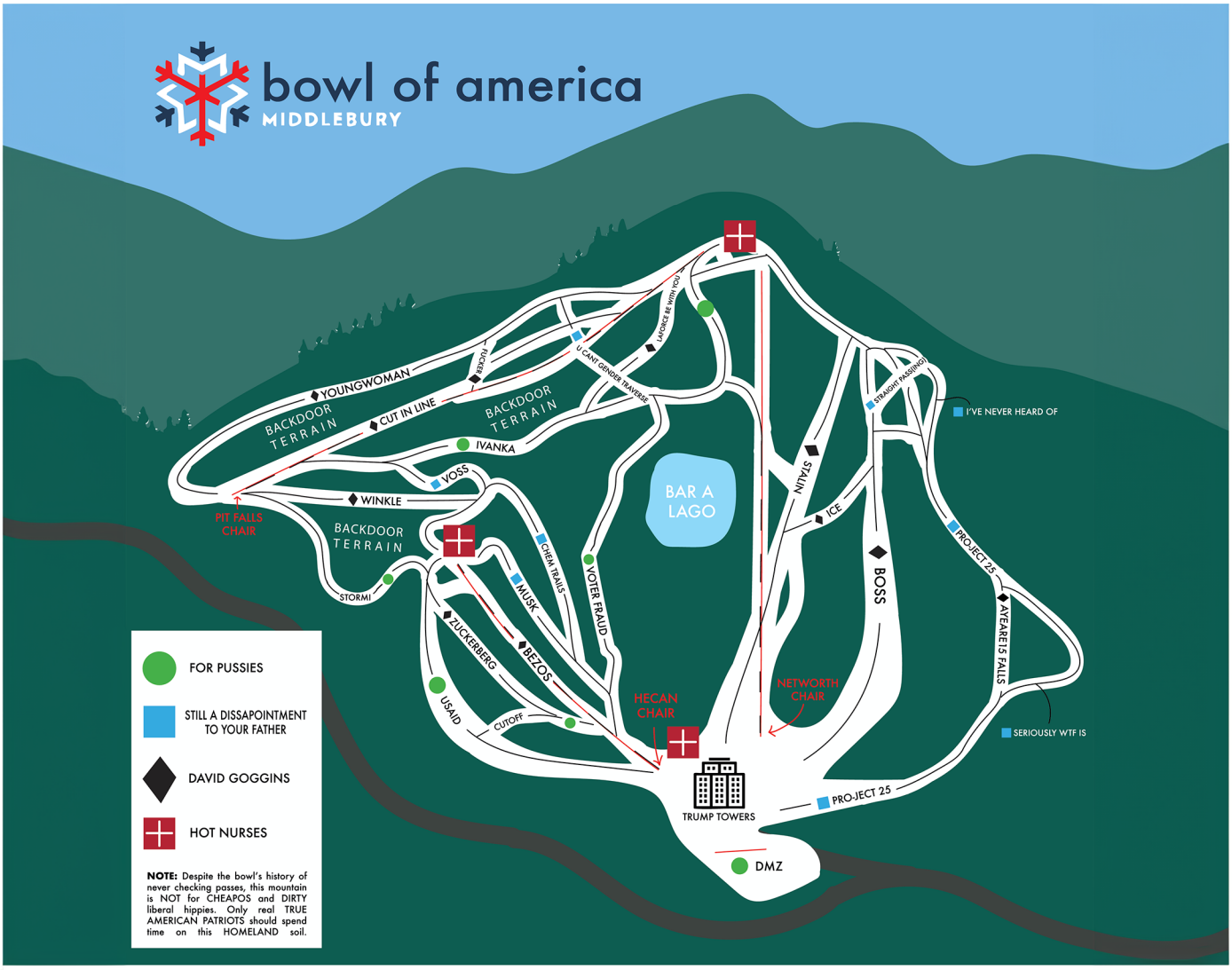
FAIKFEH MINIST: Pressy Patton, may she rest in power, wrote in an email that "the Peace Table will be a place on campus where people go for inspiration, or when they feel there is no more solution to be had." We were feeling hella inspired to snort Adderall and hella stuck about where to do it. The peace table honestly answered our prayers.

BAHTTUM: What, if anything, do you have to say about the allegations of so-called 'Butt Bumping'?

FHART AROL: The boys have said it once, and they'll say it again. A Butt Bump simply hits harder, and we don't think the criticism we've received is grounded in any lived reality. Plainly put, ingesting stimulants through the stimulanus is the safest and most effective way to put your buzz on. This is an empirical fact per peer-reviewed literature, and we would contend—not without a feather in our cracks—that this over-anal-yzation is a projection based on unfounded and potentially dangerous rhetoric pitting the rugby team as anti-science. We love science—don't we, boys?

BAHTTUM: In the now viral video, members of your team are seen shoving the heads of other members onto the table, seemingly forcing them to ingest drugs. What's your reaction to this?

LOKI REDDOT 26': If people didn't wanna inhale the stimmys, they wouldn't show up to the func.



Federal funding withdrawls have caused the College to rebrand the Snow Bowl in an attempt to appease the Trump administration.

How to DJ: an Open Letter

BY DJ FRANK WHITE

Post-winter carnival, it has come to my attention that the positively aristocratic fine art that is disc jockeying has met a woeful fate on this campus. I shudder to think of how the great deities of house music – Skrillex, Avicii, Stephen Marley –turn their heads away from this sorry institution.

Indeed, while the spirit is alive and well, the flesh is aspirating on its own vomit, hopeless without a guardian angel to sling a backpack around its skinny shoulders. But worry not, dear rhythmless fools, for I have come to provide you with that backpack, if that backpack is also sage advice on mixing songs! It goes as follows:

REFUSE the siren call of Dua Lipa and her soundcloud remixers. RESIST temptations to shuffle on slow, sensual tracks made for impotent white dudes. Do NOT let the bass splatter like wet sand. Instead, let it detonate like a landmine in the Vietnam War. Let it EXPLODE into the song with BOW BOW nyow nyow nyow nyow and then metamorphosize into untz untz UNTZ but switch directions and end up at thunk bloop achoo bloop splat and then like one of those fish that grew legs and evolved into a lizard or a caveman or whatever crawl into a WRRRROOW dunk WROW WROW zygote BING but then crumble upon itself into BTZ-BTZ-BTZ-btz-btz-btz so that just when you think it's over, just when you've finally given up hope, the beat throws itself at you like pop-pop-pop-CRAAAACK and then finally cough up one final mew BANG mew-zing mew-blackhead pow-pow LAAAAAAAAH and hit the crowd with a wet thud.

Such a plan is simple. Efficient. Formulaic, even. Such a plan is guaranteed to get knees quaking and asses shaking. Good luck, and if you run out of inspiration, you can always play Jason Derulo.

Frozen and Forgotten: Swim Team Trapped in Block of Ice

The swim team was recently discovered entombed in sheets of ice after shockingly low temperatures caused the Middlebury pool to freeze.

"Yeah, it's not great," Middlebury Swim and Dive coach Chloé Rine told the Noodle, halfheartedly pointing a hair dryer at the giant block of ice in the middle of the Natatorium. "One minute they were doing all of their swimmy and water stuff, and another they were fucking frozen."

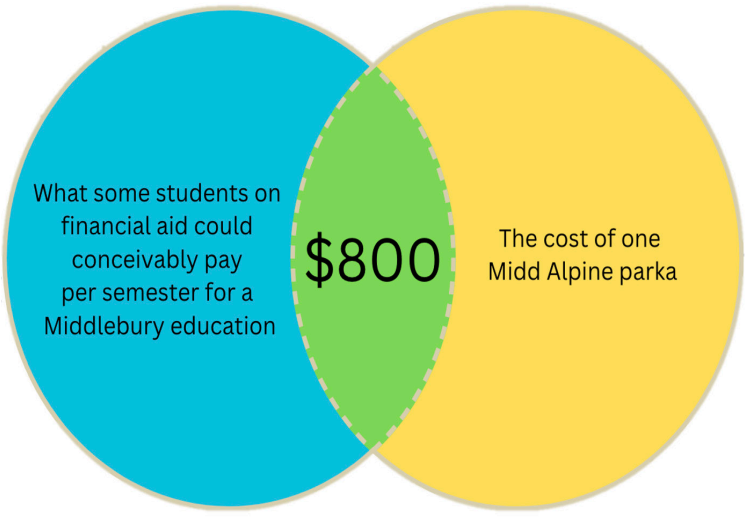
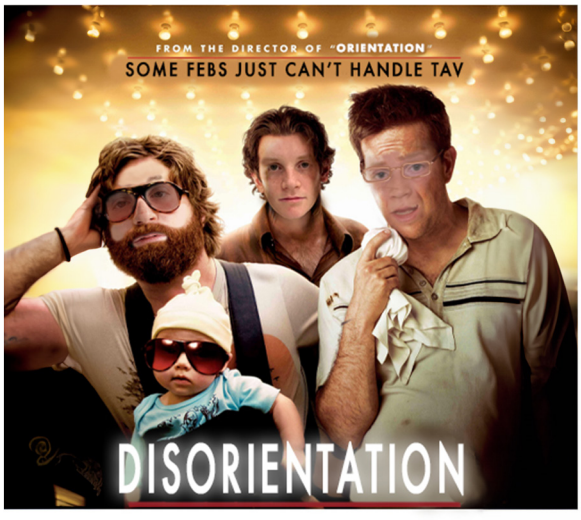
Let's be honest, championship dreams were already down the drain by the time the swim team put themselves on ice. Indeed, a quick glance at the NESCAC rankings confirms that Middlebury is currently ranked a cool ninth out of eleven. "I mean, at least when I say they're moving at a glacial pace, it's literal now," added Rine.

"I guess that was our bad when we left the entire glass window wall of the Natatorium open to the elements, but we don't know why they decided to swim. We believe that half the water was already frozen when the Panther swimmers entered the pool. We're dealing with some extremely stupid people," meteorologist Fern Height explained in an exclusive interview and tell-all.

The Noodle was unable to make contact with any of the frozen swimmers, though their panicked facial expressions and semi-writhing bodies indicate, in the eyes of this seasoned reporter, at least some displeasure regarding their current predicament.

"If I was on the swim team, I would probably be sad," men's lacrosse player Fuqinwit Datytahh Spydos and recent Radical Empathy Workshop graduate told the Noodle. When informed that the problem was not their sport of choice, but their frozen status, he added, "Oh, that's worse."

"You know what? At least they're together," Front Crawle, a friend of the program, said. "They only hang out with each other anyway."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